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OPINIONS *of Contemporary Writers.*

IN MEMORIAM; *various Readings, with parallel Passages in Shakespeare's Sonnets.*

VARIOUS READINGS *in Later Poems* (1842—1865).

PATRIOTIC *and Minor Poems.*

ALLUSIONS *to Scripture and to Classic Authors.*

THE TENNYSON *Portraits.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL *List of Tennyson's Volumes and of his Contributions to Periodical Publications.*

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PREFACE.

THERE are, perhaps, few studies more interesting than "the growth of a Poet's mind;" and it must always be a matter for deep regret when any materials for such a study are allowed to perish. This is a loss which can, perhaps, be fully prevented only by their contemporary collection.

This can be my sole excuse for the present publication of the following Notes, originally compiled for the use of a small circle of personal friends. They are by no means meant to be exhaustive, but to furnish the reader with means of finding out more for himself should he be curious to know more. All mere gossip has been carefully avoided, and no statement has been introduced of which the Compiler has not himself tested the accuracy or which does not rest on sufficient evidence.

While this little volume was being transcribed for the press (a considerable part of it having been written three years ago) an article appeared in the Fortnightly Review,* entitled *The Bibliography of Tennyson.* The plan of that article and of this work are essentially different: the former is not only very meagre but full of inaccuracies, so that I found my labours by no means superseded or anticipated.

That the writer's study of his subject has been quite superficial I shall prove by three or four instances, taken at random out of thirty or forty which I have marked with my pen.

1. (p. 393.) "After an interval of two years the "volume of 1833 appeared. The poet was then "twenty-one *or twenty-two.*" *a.* In the winter of 1832, when the volume in question was published, Tennyson, who was born in 1809, was at least twenty-three. *b.* The writer seriously argues (see his note) that two editions of this volume exist because it has the date of 1833 while a note at the end of the current editions states it to have been published "in the winter of 1832." Every one knows it is a common practice of publishers to put

* No. X. October 1, 1865.

the date of the new when a book is published late in the old year.

2. (p. 401.) The Princess. "The greater part "of the new lines are occasioned by the weaving "into the plot of the piece the after-thought of "the Prince's cataleptic seizures, of which there "is no mention till the *second or perhaps the third* "edition."

3. (p. 402.) In Memoriam. "There are not "above five or six alterations in the whole volume "since its first appearance." There are at least twenty, as I have shown in Chapter iv.

4. (*Ibid.*) "Maud and other Poems, 1855, was *(sic)* remodelled somewhat in the new edition of 1859." The poem of Maud was remodelled in the edition of 1856.

5. (*Ibid.*) The *Sonnet to Macready* is misquoted and the date of it wrong.

R. H. S.

ERRATA.

Page 1, line 4, *for* Thirty-eight years ago *read* nearly forty years ago.
,, 3, ,, 20, *for* profferr'd *read* proffer'd.
,, 18, ,, 9, *for* Stirling *read* Sterling.
,, 61, ,, 5, *for* verses *read* verse.
,, 131, ,, 9, *for* lept *read* leapt.

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NOTES ON TENNYSON'S POEMS.

CHAPTER I.

POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS.

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago there appeared anonymously, at Louth, in Lincolnshire,—"printed by J. and J. Jackson, Market-place,"—a little duodecimo volume of 240 pages, entitled, "Poems by two Brothers," with the modest motto (from Martial) on the title-page "*Hæc nos novimus esse nihil* (We know this to be nothing)." The two brothers were Alfred and Charles Tennyson. Their prefatory Advertisement is dated March, 1827.

I suppose few persons into whose hands this little book fell at the time of its publication, dreamt that

it contained the germ of those noble thoughts, uttered by a "voice the richest-toned that sings" which are now for ever a part of the melody of our lives. Few persons looking at the "flaxen ringlet" of the boy of fifteen, in the Louth grammar-school, foresaw it "turned to black" on that noble head which Mr. Watts has perpetuated for posterity in his late grand portrait.

Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809, at Somersby, a little village in Lincolnshire, lying about midway between the market-towns of Spilsby and Horncastle, and containing then less than a hundred inhabitants. His father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, was rector of that and of several other small adjoining parishes. Mr. Howitt, writing in 1847, says:— "He was a man of very various talents—something of a poet, a painter, an architect, and a musician. He was also a considerable linguist and mathematician."* Our poet's mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche.

There are several allusions to his Father scattered through Tennyson's poems. There is one in the

* William Howitt: Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets (1847), II. 48.

Ode to Memory (1830), one in the lines to J. S. (1832), where he writes:—

"Alas!
In grief I am not all unlearn'd:
Once thro' mine own doors Death did pass;
One went, who never hath return'd."

"He will not smile—not speak to me
Once more. *Two years his chair is seen*
Empty before us. That was he
Without whose life I had not been."

There is another mention of him in In Memoriam, CIV. 2.

"Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows:
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone."

To his mother there is at least one allusion in In Memoriam, LXXVIII. 4, where, addressing his brother, he says:

"At one dear knee we profferr'd vows,
One lesson from one book we learn'd,

Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows."

The two brothers were sent together to the Louth grammar-school. When they published their joint volume Alfred Tennyson was in his eighteenth year.

"The following poems," says the preface already referred to, "were written from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, not conjointly, but individually; which," adds the writer, "may account for their difference of style and matter."

It would of course be almost impossible, without private information, to separate entirely the poems of one brother from those of the other; but there are some pieces which we may safely infer to be the production of Alfred, either (1.) from their evident superiority, or (2.) from their containing certain words or combinations exactly similar to passages in later and acknowledged poems. Some of these parallel passages are very remarkable. I shall come to them presently; but in the meantime I must say a few words respecting the general characteristics of the volume.

The first thing that strikes one is the astonishing

variety of the subjects—classical and modern strangely alternating—over which the brothers travel. Here in two-hundred pages we have among others—Lines to Memory; The Exile's Harp; Remorse; The Dell of E—: My Brother; Antony to Cleopatra; The Old Sword; We meet no more; The Gondola; Lines written by an exile of Bassorah while sailing down the Euphrates; Maria to her Lute, the gift of her dying lover; The Vale of Bones; To Fancy; Boyhood; Huntsman's Song; Persia; Egypt; The Druid's Prophecies; Lines to one who entertained a light opinion of an eminent Character; Swiss Song; The Expedition of Nadir Shah into Hindostan; Greece; The Maid of Savoy; Ignorance of Modern Egypt; Midnight; Scotch Song; Friendship; On the Death of my Grandmother; On Sublimity; The Reign of Love; Time, an Ode; The Thunderstorm; The Battle-Field; The Grave of a Suicide; On the Death of Lord Byron;* The Walk at Midnight; The Bard's Fare-

* This event is also alluded to in the poem entitled *Phrenology*. Lines from Byron are prefixed to several of the poems; and *Mithridates to Berenice* is an obvious imitation of one of the Hebrew Melodies, "Herod to Mariamne."

well [not our Bard just yet]; Mithridates presenting Berenice with the Cup of Poison; Epigram on a Musician; On being asked for a Simile, to illustrate the Advantage of keeping the Passions subservient to Reason; The Old Chieftain; Apollonius Rhodius's Complaint; The Fall of Jerusalem; Short Eulogium on Homer; Lamentation of the Peruvians; On a dead Enemy; Lines, on hearing a Description of the Scenery of Southern America; The High Priest to Alexander; *On the Moonlight shining upon a Friend's Grave*;* The Dying Christian; Switzerland; Babylon; The Slighted Lover; Anacreontic; Sunday Mobs; Phrenology; Imagination; Love; The Oak of the North; Exhortation to the Greeks; King Charles's Vision.

The second thing we note is the practice of load-

* Compare In Memoriam, LXVI. 1.

"When on my bed *the moonlight falls*
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls.

"Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years."

ing the pages with foot-notes—apologetic appeals to the reader,—"a little exaggeration may be pardoned on a subject so inspiring"—quotations from books, illustrative of the text,—and such like. This practice is continued, in a modified degree, throughout all Tennyson's earlier volumes: it is totally discarded in his later works.

But the most remarkable thing which (thirdly) we observe, is the frequency of parallel passages between these poems and later acknowledged ones. The mere coincidences of expression are numberless. But the reader will constantly alight on a line or lines which are the embryo of some grand passage in a poem of years long subsequent. One of these—the most remarkable of all—I will note first:

Poems by Two Brothers.

Switzerland, p. 185. *(fifth stanza.)*

"O when shall Time
Avenge the crime
And to our rights restore us;
And bid the Seine
Be choked with slain
And Paris quake before us?"

In Memoriam, CXXVI.

"—All is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

"Proclaiming social truth shall spread
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead."

Then take the poem of Antony to Cleopatra,—to my mind the gem of the volume—and compare it with the reverse of the picture, in a later production:

"O, Cleopatra! fare thee well,
We two can meet no more;
This breaking heart alone can tell
The love to thee I bore.
But wear not thou the conqueror's chain
Upon thy race and thee;
And tho' we ne'er can meet again,
Yet still be true to me:
For I for thee have lost a throne,
To wear the crown of love alone.

* * * * * *

"Thine on the earth, and on the throne,
And in the grave, am I;
And, dying, still I am thine own,
Thy bleeding Antony.
How shall my spirit joy to hear
That thou art ever true!
Nay—weep not—dry that burning tear,
That bathes thine eyes' dark hue.
Shades of my Fathers! lo! I come;
I hear your voices from the tomb!"*

Compare the above with A Dream of Fair Women (Poems. 1833. p. 133), st. XLV., where Cleopatra speaks:

"What dainty strifes, when fresh from war's alarms,
My Hercules, my gallant Antony,
My mailed captain leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die.

"And in those arms he died: *I heard my name*
Sigh'd forth with life," &c.

* Poems by Two Brothers, pp. 31, 32.

Poems by Two Brothers.

The Vale of Bones.

"At times her partial splendour shines
Upon the grove of deep black pines."

"—That blackening fir
Which betwixt me and heaven flings wide
Its *shadowy* boughs on either side
And o'er yon *granite* rock uprears." *&c.*

*Midnight.**

"—The rocks of granite
Rise tall and drearily, while damp and dank
Hang the thick willows on the reedy bank—"

Persia (p. 63).

"Clasps round the green and fragrant stem
Of *lotos*, fair and fresh and blue

* The first stanza of this poem contains a most spirited description of the fen-country in which Tennyson was born, and is, clearly enough, the germ of those passages in the Dying Swan, Mariana, and the Ode to Memory, published in the volume of 1830, which Mr. Kingsley speaks of with so much admiration.

Poems by Alfred Tennyson.

The Two Voices. 1833.*

"Sometimes a little corner shines,
As over rainy mist inclines
A gleaming crag with belts of pines."

The Lotos-Eaters. 1832.

"—Night dews on still waters between walls
Of *shadowy granite*, in a gleaming pass."

---

* The date of 1833 is affixed to this poem in the first edition of 1842.

Poems by Two Brothers.

And crowns it with a diadem
Of blossoms, ever young and new."

This allusion to the lotos, and another at page 165, are interesting when compared with *the Lotos-Eaters* in the volume of 1832.

Phrenology (p. 201).

"Another lustrum will behold our youth
With eager eyes all panting after truth
Shrewd Spurzheim's visionary pages turn,
And, with Napoleon's bust before them, learn
Without the agency of *what small bone*
Quick-lime had ne'er upon a host been thrown:
In what rough rise a trivial sink had saved
The towns he burnt, the nations he enslaved."

On the Death of my Grandmother.

"Her faith, *like Stephen's*, softened her distress;
Scarce less her anguish, scarce her patience less."

Poems by Alfred Tennyson.

The Lotos-Eaters 1832, *passim.*

The Two Voices.

"Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course, till thou wert also man."

In Memoriam, CXVII. 1.

"Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth,
Nor deem of human love and truth
As dying nature's earth and lime."

The Two Voices.

"Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forebore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire."

Poems by Two Brothers.

God's Denunciations against Pharaoh-Hophra.

"Woe, woe to thee, Memphis."

Egypt.

—"The first glitter of his rising beam
Falls on the *broad-based pyramids* sublime,"

The Vale of Bones.

"When on *to battle* proudly *going,*
Your plumage to the *wild winds blowing,*
Your tartans far behind ye flowing,
Your pennons raised, your clarions sounding,
Fiercely your steeds beneath ye bounding."

Poems by Alfred Tennyson.

A Fragment (1830).*

"Old Memphis hath gone down,
The Pharaohs are no more."

Ibid.

"Yet endure unscathed
Of changeful cycles, the great *Pyramids*
Broad-based amid the fleeting sands, *&c.*"

Oriana (1830).

"*Winds were blowing*, waters flowing,
We heard *the steeds to battle going*,
Oriana,
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana."

* This *Fragment*, together with two other pieces, appeared in an Annual entitled The Gem, in the volume for 1831, p. 242. The Literary Gazette, which reviewed this little book in November, 1830, could find nothing better to say of Mr. Tennyson's contributions than that they were "silly sooth."

CHAPTER II.

THE CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEM, "TIMBUCTOO."

It was apparently early in the year 1829 that Charles and Alfred Tennyson removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. Certain it is that in the earlier half of this year* Alfred formed a friendship with another young student of the same college, Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of Hallam the historian.

Arthur Hallam had gone down to reside at Cambridge in October, 1828, apparently some months

* Their friendship having been at Hallam's death, of four years' duration and verging into a fifth autumn. (See In Memoriam, XXII).

before Tennyson; though the latter was nearly two years his senior.*

Hallam and Tennyson both competed that year for the Chancellor's Gold Medal for a poem on Timbuctoo. That of Hallam is dated June, 1829, and is written in the *terza rima* of Dante.† That of Tennyson, which is in blank verse, obtained the prize, and was published in the same year,‡ being the first production to which he set his name.

It is curious that three lines of this poem appear also in the Ode to Memory, published in 1830, but as that Ode is said to have been written very early in life, it is difficult to which to assign the priority.

Here are the passages:—

Timbuctoo (1829).

"I have raised thee nigher to the spheres of Heaven,
"Man's first, last home: and thou with ravish'd
"sense

* Arthur Hallam was born in London, 1st February, 1811. He died at Vienna, 15th September, 1833. Tennyson was born in 1809 (*vide suprà*, p. 2).

† Printed in his Remains, pp. 20—30 of the new edition.

‡ Timbuctoo, a poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement M.DCCC.XXIX. By A. Tennyson, of Trinity College. Cambridge: J. Smith, 1829 (pp. 13.)

"Listenest the lordly music flowing from
"Th' illimitable years."

Ode to Memory * (1830).

"Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
"Listening the lordly music flowing from
"Th' illimitable years."

The poem of Timbuctoo was noticed as follows in the *Athenæum* of July 22, 1829:—

"We have accustomed ourselves to think, perhaps "without any very good reason, that poetry was "likely to perish among us for a considerable period "after the great generation of poets which is now "passing away. The age seems determined to con-"tradict us, and that in the most decided manner; "for it has put forth poetry by a young man, and "that where we should least expect it—namely, in "a prize poem. These productions have often been "ingenious and elegant, but we have never before "seen one of them which indicated really first-rate "poetical genius, and which would have done honour "to any man that ever wrote. *Such, we do not "hesitate to affirm, is the little work before us;* and

* Poems, chiefly Lyrical (1830), p. 60.

"the examiners seem to have felt it like ourselves, "for they have assigned the prize to its author, "though the measure in which he writes was never "before, we believe, thus selected for honour. We "extract a few lines to justify our admiration. "[Here fifty lines (62-112) are quoted.] How "many men have lived for a century who could "equal this?" *

* This notice was probably written either by John Sterling or Frederic Maurice, who were at that time joint editors of the *Athenæum*. Let us honour the critic, whoever he was, who had the foresight and the courage to write such words seven and thirty years ago.

CHAPTER III.

POEMS PUBLISHED PRIOR TO THE DEATH OF ARTHUR HALLAM.

THE period comprised under the above title is one of three years; from 1830 to 1833.

There is nothing artificial in this arrangement of the early productions of our poet; for, as will be seen, he continued silent for nearly ten years after the death of his friend. It is also indispensable to the right understandiug of In Memoriam that we should see what Tennyson had actually accomplished during the life-time of Hallam. There can be no doubt that the judgment of his friend on these early

productions was more acceptable and valuable to him than that of any unsympathetic reviewer.

Hitherto we have been examining the anonymous productions of a school-boy of eighteen, and the prize poem of a Cambridge undergraduate. On neither of of these, notwithstanding the unusual laudation of the *Athenæum*, bestowed on the latter, could a poetical reputation be built.

The first volume of poems to which Alfred Tennyson affixed his name—a thin duodecimo of 154 pages—appeared with the following title:

"Poems, chiefly Lyrical. By Alfred Tennyson. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, Cornhill. 1830."*

Then follows a leaf of "Errata," but there is no table of contents.

The following is a list of the poems: the titles of those that have been suppressed are printed in italics:

* It had been originally intended that this volume should be a joint publication, containing the poems of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam—a memorial of friendship similar to the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge. This idea was abandoned at the suggestion of Hallam's father.

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In January, 1831, a notice of this volume appeared in the Westminster Review; written, it is believed, by Mr. John Stuart Mill. After ten pages devoted to a minute criticism of the poems, it concludes thus:

"That these poems will have a very rapid and "extensive popularity we do not anticipate. Their "very originality will prevent their being generally "appreciated for a time. But that time will come, "we hope, to a not far distant end. They demon-"strate the possession of powers, to the future "direction of which we look with some anxiety. A

"genuine poet has deep responsibilities to his coun-
"try and the world, to the present and future gene-
"rations, to earth and heaven. He, of all men,
"should have distinct and worthy objects before
"him, and consecrate himself to their promotion.
"It is thus that he best consults the glory of his
"art, and his own lasting fame. Mr. Tennyson
"has a dangerous quality in that facility of imper-
"sonation on which we have remarked, and by
"which he enters so thoroughly into the most
"strange and wayward idiosyncracies of other men.
"It must not degrade him into a poetical harlequin.
"He has higher work to do than that of disporting
"himself amongst 'mystics' and 'flowing philoso-
"phers.' He knows that 'the poet's mind is holy
"ground;' he knows that the poet's portion is to be

'Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,
The love of love;'

"he has shewn, in the lines from which we quote,
"his own just conception of the grandeur of a poet's
"destiny; and we look to him for its fulfilment.
"It is not for such men to sink into mere verse-

"makers for the amusement of themselves or others. "They can influence the associations of unnum- "bered minds; they can command the sympathies "of unnumbered hearts; they can disseminate prin- "ciples; they can give those principles power over "men's imaginations; they can excite in a good "cause the sustained enthusiasm that is sure to "conquer; they can blast the laurels of the tyrants, "and hallow the memories of the martyrs of pat- "riotism; they can act with a force, the extent of "which it is difficult to estimate, upon national "feelings and character, and consequently upon "national happiness. If our estimate of Mr. Ten- "nyson be correct, he too is a poet; and many "years hence may be read his juvenile description "of that character with the proud consciousness "that it has become the description and history of "his own work." *

Almost simultaneously with the publication of *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, there appeared a small volume

* Westminster Review: No. 27, January, 1831, pp. 223, 224.

of poems by Charles Tennyson,* who had been associated with his brother in the volume of 1827. This little book contains a sonnet to Arthur Hallam.

These two volumes were reviewed together by Leigh Hunt in the Tatler,† where he entered into a somewhat lengthy disquisition on the respective merits of the two brothers, finally awarding the palm to Alfred.

I may here note that in the winter of 1830, Alfred Tennyson contributed three short pieces to an annual entitled *The Gem*; ‡ which pieces have never been reprinted. They are as follows: *No More; Anacreontics;* and *A Fragment.* In the winter of 1831 he contributed a Sonnet to another annual, *Friendship's Offering.*§ And in August of that year there appeared a Sonnet of his in a short-lived pub-

* Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces, by Charles Tennyson, Trin. Coll. Cambridge: published by B. Bridges, Market Hill. 1830 (pp. 83).

† The Tatler: No. 149, Thursday, February 24th, 1831; No. 151, Saturday, February 26th; No. 153, Tuesday, March 1st; No. 155, Thursday, March 3rd, 1831.

‡ The Gem, a Literary Annual, London, W. Marshall, 1, Holborn Bars, 1831 (pp. 87, 131, 242). *Vide suprà*, p. 15, *note.*

§ Friendship's Offering for 1832 (p. 367).

lication entitled *The Englishman's Magazine*,* to the same number of which Arthur Hallam sent a review of his friend's volume.

A portion of that review has been reprinted in Hallam's Remains;† and it is to be regretted that it should not have appeared there entire.

Lastly, this volume was reviewed by Professor Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1832.‡ This review is especially interesting on account of the copious extracts in contains from the suppressed poems, and as having called forth the lines, "To Christopher North," printed a few months afterwards, in Alfred Tennyson's second volume.

This second volume bears the title :—

"Poems by Alfred Tennyson. London: Edward Moxon, 64, New Bond Street, 1833" § (pp. 163).

* This sonnet was afterwards inserted in Friendship's Offering for 1833 (p. 29), without alteration.

† Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam. London, printed by W. Nicol, Pall Mall, 1834 pp. (363). One hundred copies printed. New edition, privately printed, 1853; third edition, *published*, with portrait (London), 1863.

‡ Vol. xxxi. pp. 721—741. Reprinted in Professor Wilson's Works (Edinburgh, 1856), vi. 109—152.

§ Published, as Tennyson himself tells us in a note to his collected *Poems*, "in the winter of 1832." The date of the new

The contents are as follows (I give, as befo the titles of the suppressed poems in italics):

	PAGE.
Sonnet	1
* *To* ——	2
Buonaparte	5
Sonnet	6
Sonnet	7
The Lady of Shalott	8
Mariana in the South	20
Eleanore	25
The Miller's Daughter	33
Fatima	48

year is only a common publisher's device when a book appe late in the year.

* Of this second piece two stanzas only are reprinted for t first time in Selections from the Works of Alfred Tennyso 1864.

PAGE.

Œnone 51

The Sisters 65

To——, with the following Poem .. 68

The Palace of Art 69

The May Queen 91

New Year's Eve 95

The Hesperides 101

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Rosalind 118

A Dream of Fair Women 122

Song 142

Margaret 143

Kate 147

Sonnet. Written on hearing of the outbreak of the Polish Insurrection 149

Sonnet. On the Result of the late Russian Invasion of Poland .. 150

Sonnet 151

O Darling Room 152

To Christopher North 153

The Death of the Old Year .. 154

To J. S. 158

This second volume was reviewed in a strain of ironical praise in the Quarterly Review, July, 1833.*

But encouragement and sound advice from a high quarter were not wanting. On the 24th April, 1833, Samuel Taylor Coleridge thus expressed himself.

"I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's "poems which have been sent to me, but I think "there are some things of a good deal of beauty in "that I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has "begun to write verses without very well understan- "what metre is. Even if you write in a known "and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a "metrist yourself, that you will not write harmo- "nious verses; but to deal in new metres without "considering what metre means and requires, is "preposterous. What I would, with many wishes "of success, prescribe to Tennyson—indeed without "it he can never be a poet in art—is to write for "the next two or three years in none but one or "two well-known and strictly-defined metres; "such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or

* Vol. XLIX., 81—96.

"the octosyllabic measure of the *Allegro* and *Pense-*
"*roso*. He would probably thus get imbued with a
"sensation, if not a sense, of metre without know-
"ing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good
"Latin verses by conning Ovid and Tibullus. As it
"is I can scarcely scan his verses."*

To the poems included under this heading may be added some half-dozen printed for the first time in the re-issue of 1842; Lady Clara Vere de Vere; the *Conclusion* of The May Queen; The Blackbird; You ask me why, though ill at ease; Of old sat Freedom on the heights; Love thou thy land; and The Goose; which, with one exception, were written in 1833,† and all of which were probably seen by Arthur Hallam. I am inclined to think that *The Two Voices*, as it is placed in the new volume, though dated 1833, was written after his death in that year. This, however, is only conjectural.

* Specimens of the Table-Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1835), Vol II. pp. 164, 165.

† See Tennyson's note in the volume of collected *Poems*. (It may be found in all the editions from 1842 downwards.)

CHAPTER IV.

IN MEMORIAM—READINGS OF THE FIRST EDITION.*

First edition, 1850.

III. 3.

"With all *her* music in her tone."

XXIV. 3.

"And is it that the haze of grief
Hath stretch'd my former joy so great"

XXVI. 4.

"*So* might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To *cloak* me from my proper scorn."

* *In Memoriam.* London, Edward Moxon, 1850. The Introductory Stanzas are dated 1849. After which comes the following inscription:—"In Memoriam A. H. H., Obiit MDCCCXXXIII."

Seventh edition, 1856.

III. 3.

"With all the music in her tone."

XXIV. 3

"And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great"

XXVI. 4.

"Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To shroud me from my proper scorn."

First Edition, 1850.

XXXVII. 5.

("And *dear as sacramental wine*
To dying lips is all he said")

XLII. 3—4.

"*But* that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began:
And love *would* last," *&c.*

LII. 2.

"And dare we to this *doctrine* give
That had the wild oat not been sown
The soil, left barren, *had not grown*
The grain by which a man may live?"

LX. 1.

"*So* be my love an idle tale."

Seventh edition, 1856.

XXXVII. 5.

"(And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said)."

XLII. 3—4.

"So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began
And love will last," *&c.*

LII. 2.

"And dare we to this fancy give
That had the wild oat not been sown
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?"

The Section which now stands as LVIII. did not appear in the First Edition.

LXI. 1.

"Then be my love an idle tale."

First edition, 1850.

LXV. 4.

"And in the *chancel* like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn."

LXXXVI. 2.

"—Fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the *dusking* leaf—"

XCVIII. 1.

"*I wake, I rise:* from end to end," *&c.*

CVIII. 2

"To flicker with his *treble* tongue."

CIX. 4.

"*So wore his outward best*, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind."

CXIV. 3.

"*The dear, dear voice that I have known*
Will speak to me of me and mine."

Seventh edition, 1856.

LXVI. 4.

"And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn."

LXXXVII. 2.

"—Fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf."

XCIX. 1.

"I climb the hill: from end to end," *&c.*

CIX. 2.

"To flicker with his double tongue."

CX. 4.

"Best seem'd the thing he was and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind."

CXV. 3.

"And that dear voice I once have known
Still speak to me of me and mine."

First Edition, 1850.

CXX. 1.

"And *strove* to burst the folded gloom."

CXXIV. 3.

"*That* moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the *vast* of space
Among the worlds, that all is well."

CXXV. 3.

"But *woe to him* that wears a crown,"

Ibid, 4.

"And the *vast* Œon sinks in blood."

Seventh Edition, 1856.

CXXI. 1.

"And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom."

CXXV. 3.

"Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space
In the deep night, that all is well."

CXXVI. 3.

"But ill for him that wears a crown."

Ibid, 4.

"And the great Œon sinks in blood."

IN MEMORIAM AND SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

"Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made a man;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more."

Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye
*Dwells, pleased, thro' twice a hundred years, on thee."**

And seventh and last Shakespeare is mentioned in the stanza of In Memoriam † quoted above, which leads me to the subject of the present paper.

In Memoriam has often been compared with Shakespeare's Sonnets and with *Lycidas;* but the lines that stand at the head of this paper always seemed to me to point out a closer relation with Shakespeare than has yet been noticed. The transcendent love for a beautiful soul, "passing the love of women," of which the soul of Shakespeare was capable, is pointed out, and the poet says that even this love cannot surpass his for his friend. The allusion indicates a deep and probably recent study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare.

On examining these poems anew, which I did with great minuteness and consideration, I found my suspicions fully corroborated. I found a large number of coincidences of idea and even expression not

* *Household Narrative of Current Events,* 1851 (p. 71).
† LX. 3.

exactly to be called imitations, and still less plagiarisms, in the latter, which seemed to me to prove that his mind was at the time so imbued with the spirit of the elder poet as to render some unconscious echoes almost unavoidable.

Some of the most important of these parallel passages, I will now proceed to lay before the reader, leaving him to verify them and to draw his own conclusions on the matter.

Shakespeare.

"Only herald to the gaudy spring."

—*Sonnet* 1.

"Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces'
So should my papers yellow'd with their age
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:"

—*Sonnet* 17.

Tennyson.

"The herald melodies of spring."
—*In Memoriam* XXXVIII. 2.

Compare this Sonnet with In Memoriam LXXIV —LXXVI.

Shakespeare.

"—When in thee time's furrows I behold
Then look I death my days should expiate."

—*Sonnet* 22.

"Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit."

—*Sonnet* 26.

"Many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead," *&c.*

—*Sonnet* 31.

Tennyson.

"And all the train of bounteous hours
Conduct by paths of growing powers
To reverence and the silver hair;

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
Her lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought,
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe;

What time mine own might also flee,
As link'd with thine in love and fate."

—*In Memoriam*, LXXXIII. 8—10.

"Her care is not to part and prove;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love."

—*In Memoriam*, XLVII. 2.

"The far-off *interest of tears.*"

—*In Memoriam*, I. 2.

Shakespeare.

"And from the forlorn world his visage hide
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace."

—*Sonnet* 33.

"Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that when they see
Return of love, more bless'd may be the view;
Or call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more
rare."

—*Sonnet* 56.

"—Five hundred courses of the sun."

—*Sonnet* 59.

"Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me."

Sonnet 61.

Tennyson.

"Touch thy dull goal of joyless grey,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground."
—*In Memoriam*, LXXI. 7.

"That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue."
—*In Memoriam*, CXVI. 2.

—"All the courses of the suns."
—*In Memoriam*, CXVI. 3.

"Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessen'd in his love?"
—*In Memoriam*, L. 2.

Shakespeare.

"When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main," *&c.*

—*Sonnet* 64.

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled."

—*Sonnet* 71.

"Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart.
O lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue."

—*Sonnet* 72.

"Which eyes not yet created shall o'erread."

Sonnet 81.

Tennyson.

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes thou hast seen!
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea."

—*In Memoriam*, CXXII. 1.

"Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes."

—*In Memoriam*, LVI. 3.

"Love but play'd with gracious lies
Because he felt so fix'd in truth.

—*In Memoriam*, CXXIV. 2.

"Which shall be read
By village eyes as yet unborn."

—*In Memoriam* (CONCLUSION).

Shakespeare.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter."

—*Sonnet* 87.

"There can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange:

Tennyson.

Compare this 87th Sonnet with In Memoriam LXI.*

"The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake

* It is remarkable that this section immediately follows the stanza quoted at the head of this paper.

Shakespeare.

But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell.

—*Sonnet* 93.

"I love not less tho' less the show appear."

—*Sonnet* 102.

"Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd
Since first I saw you," *&c.*

—*Sonnet* 104.

Tennyson.

Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale:

* * * * *

Nor ever narrowness or spite
Or villain fancy fleeting by
Drew in the expression of an eye
Where God and Nature met in light."

—*In Memoriam*, cx. 2, 5.

"I do not therefore love thee less."

In Memoriam, cxxix. 2.

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow."

And we with singing cheered the way,
And crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May."

—*In Memoriam*, xxii. 1—2.

Shakespeare.

"In the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow."

—*Sonnet* 106.

"No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change,
Thy registers and thee I both defy."

—*Sonnet* 123.

"Sensual feast."—

—*Sonnet* 141.

"Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still.

—*Sonnet* 144.

Tennyson.

"Sweet human hand and lips and eye."

—*In Memoriam*, CXXVIII. 2.

"Defying change
To test his worth."

—*In Memoriam*, XCIV. 7.

"The reeling Faun, the sensual feast."

—*In Memoriam*, CXVII. 7.

"Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom."

—*In Memoriam*, CI. 2.

And yet the resemblance lies more in the whole tenour and spirit of the poems than in any particular passages, and I recommend the reader to consider those I have here brought together with the two books open before him, and see if he cannot trace out other points of similarity for himself.

In Memoriam has been very admirably translated into German verse by a lady. The translation was published at Brunswick in 1854. It is prefaced by a short memoir and notice and by an analysis of the book somewhat similar to that written by the late Frederic Robertson, of Brighton.

CHAPTER V.

TEN YEARS' SILENCE AND ITS RESULTS.

Two different causes may account for our poet's silence during the next ten years (1833—1842);* his overwhelming grief at the loss of his friend, and a desire to perfect himself in his art.

* A silence not, however, altogether unbroken; for he contributed in 1837 some stanzas to "The Tribute; a Collection of Miscellaneous Uupublished Poems, by Various Authors. Edited by Lord Northampton." This volume elicited the first notice of Tennyson from the *Edinburgh Review*, which had till then been silent respecting him. "We do not profess," says the reviewer, "perfectly to understand the somewhat mysterious contribution "of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, entitled 'Stanzas;' but amidst some "quaintness, and some occasional absurdities of expression, it is "not difficult to detect the hand of a true poet—such as the "author of *Mariana* and the *Lines on the Arabian Nights* "undoubtedly is—in those stanzas, which describe the appear-

A record of this ten years' apprenticeship to the Muses would be deeply interesting, could we get it; but we must not pry too closely into the private history of a poet:

> "No public life was his on earth,
> No blazon'd statesman he, nor king."

At any rate he has been profiting by the admonitions of reviewers, friendly or inimical, and is pruning, clipping, cutting, and clearing his garden of weeds and noxious excrescences. That is to say he is ruthlessly drawing his pen through one poem, and revising another till it is scarcely recognizable as the juvenile production from which it sprung. In short most of the poems which he retains are so thoroughly re-written from beginning to end, as to be to all intents and purposes new poems. So let not the unwary reader of The Lady of Shalott, Œnone, or The Miller's Daughter, fancy he is read-

"ance of a visionary form, by which the writer is supposed to "be haunted, amidst the streets of a crowded city.'"—*Ed. Rev.*, Oct. 1837, p. 108.

These stanzas, beginning "O that 'twere possible," were afterwards, in a very much altered state, incorporated into *Maud.*

ing these poems as they first appeared in 1832: they have, as the author himself tells us, been "considerably altered" since then.

All this while too section after section of In Memoriam is being painfully and slowly elaborated; and at last comes out of the furnace, like the refiner's silver, seven times purified. The world, however, did not see it till 1850.

But at length, in 1842, after many and repeated calls for a new edition of the former volumes, which had long been out of print, appeared:

"Poems by Alfred Tennyson. In Two Volumes. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXLII."

The first volume contained two divisions, 1. A selection from the volume of 1830 (many of the poems untouched, and none having received more than a few verbal alterations); 2. Some dozen poems, from the volume of 1832, almost entirely rewritten,* together with six or seven new pieces,† written, with one exception, in 1833.

* The *Dream of Fair Women*, considerably altered in this edition, was again retouched in the editions of 1845 and 1853.

† Two of these pieces, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* and *The Blackbird*, have received slight alterations in subsequent edi-

The second volume contained poems entirely new The contents are as follows (I give the titles those which have since been altered or added to, italics):

The Epic.

Morte d'Arthur.

The Gardener's Daughter.

Dora.

Audley Court.

tions. In the former poem (st. 7.) we had originally "T gardener Adam" instead of "The grand old gardener," and The Blackbird:—

1842.

"*I better brook the drawling stares,*
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse—
Not hearing thee at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares."

1843.

"And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse—
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares."

And there is a curious but unimportant alteration in anot verse of the same poem.

* Except The Sleeping Beauty, a portion of The Day-Drea published in the volume of 1830.

*Walking to the Mail.**

St. Simeon Stylites.

The Talking Oak.

Love and Duty.

Ulysses.

Locksley Hall.

Godiva.

The Two Voices.

The Day Dream:—

Prologue.

The Sleeping Palace.

The Sleeping Beauty.

The Arrival.

* This poem originally opened thus:

"*John.* I'm glad I walk'd. How fresh the country looks!
Is yonder planting where this byway joins
The turnpike?
James. Yes.
John. And when does this come by?
James. The mail? at one o'clock.
John. What is it now?
James. A quarter to.
John. Whose house is that I see
Beyond the watermills?
James. Sir Edward Head's:
But he's abroad: the place is to be sold."

The Revival.

The Departure.

Moral.

L'Envoi.

Epilogue.

*Amphion.**

St. Agnes. †

Sir Galahad.

Edward Gray.

Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue. ‡

* *Amphion* contained (1842—1851) these four lines for which others were afterwards substituted.

"The birch-tree swang her fragrant hair,
The bramble cast her berry,
The gin within the juniper
Began to make him merry."—*Stanza* 5.

† In later editions entitled *St. Agnes' Eve.* This poem was first printed in The Keepsake for 1837.

‡ 1842—51.

"Thro' many an hour of summer suns
By many pleasant ways,
Like Hezekiah's backward runs
The shadow of my days."—*St.* 5.

1853.

"Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days."

Lady Clare.

The Lord of Burleigh.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

A Farewell.

The Beggar Maid.

The Vision of Sin.

The Skipping Rope.*

"Move eastward, happy earth, and leave."

"Break, break, break."

The Poet's Song.

To subsequent editions were added the following poems:—

Edwin Morris, or the Lake.

The Golden Year.

To —, after reading a Life and Letters.

To E. L., on his Travels in Greece.

The Eagle, a Fragment.

"Come not, when I am dead."

Almost immediately on the publication of these

* *The Skipping Rope* is omitted in all editions subsequent to the sixth.

volumes Alfred Tennyson was recognized by nearly all the choicer spirits to be the first poet of the century. Many of those who now read these poems with delight, and were thrilled by the stirring music of Locksley Hall, had probably never heard even his name before. Those also who had given him encouragement when his earlier volumes appeared, now saw their predictions verified. The Quarterly Review was obliged to change its strain, and John Sterling wrote for it a most admirable notice of these poems.*

Wordsworth writes to Professor Reed, under date July 1, 1845:—"I saw Tennyson when I was in "London, several times. *He is decidedly the first of* "*our living poets,* and I hope will live to give the "world still better things. You will be pleased to "hear that he expressed in the strongest terms his "gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from "indifferent, though persuaded that he is not much "in sympathy with what I should myself most

* Quarterly Review; Vol. 70, pp. 385—416. Reprinted in Sterling's Remains, Vol. 1, pp. 422—462.

"value in my attempts, viz., the spirituality with "which I have endeavoured to invest the material "universe, and the moral relations under which I "have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appear-"ances."*

And Mr. Emerson writes thus (under date March, 1848): "We found Mr. Wordsworth asleep on the "sofa. He was at first silent and indisposed, as an "old man suddenly waked, before he had ended his "nap; but soon became full of talk. . . . . Tenny-"son he thinks a right poetic genius, though with "some affectation. He had thought an elder brother "of Tennyson at first the better poet, but must now "reckon Alfred the true one."†

There is something very beautiful and touching in the idea of the veteran poet thus bequeathing his laurels to the younger one. Tennyson paid a noble tribute to his memory, when he said in 1851, in his Stanzas to the Queen:—

"I thank you that your Royal grace
To one of less desert, allows

* Memoirs of William Wordsworth (London, 1851), Vol. II. p. 416.
† English Traits, by R. W. Emerson, p. 166.

This laurel, *greener from the brows*
Of him that utter'd nothing base."

There were not wanting, however, detractors who were willing, whether from envy or other causes, to do their worst to extinguish this sudden blaze of fame. Early in the year 1846, appeared a satire, entitled *The New Timon*, well known to be the production of the eminent novelist, Lord Lytton. It contained a violent attack on Tennyson, but both the passage and note appended to it were omitted in the third edition of the book.

However at the time it was not allowed to pass unnoticed. On February 7, 1846, some lines appeared in *Punch*, entitled "The New Timon, and Alfred Tennyson's Pension."*

Three weeks later Tennyson took up the cudgels for himself in the same publication; and there appeared some stanzas of his,† which every old reader of *Punch* knows and admires, but which the Poet has been too generous to re-publish.

I must not omit to mention that Lord Lytton

* *Punch*. Vol. X. p. 74. † *Ib.* Vol. X. p. 103.

made a noble *amende honorable*, when he said publicly:

"We must comfort ourselves with the thought, "*so exquisitely expressed by our Poet Laureate*, that "the Prince we lament is still

'The silent father of our kings to be.'"*

There exists a German translation of the Minor Poems of Tennyson, "*Gedichte von Alfred Tennyson, uebersetzt von W. Hertzberg.* Dessau, 1853." I cannot pretend to judge of its merit.

* Speech at Hertford, October 9, 1862.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRINCESS; A MEDLEY.

Next year appeared:—

"The Princess; a Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. London: Moxon, 1847." (pp. 164.)

This however, is merely the rude sketch of the Princess we now read. The poem has been almost entirely re-written since it first appeared; and the songs, as well as the account of the Prince's weird seizures, are an afterthought.* Indeed, the first edition of Hamlet does not differ more from the Hamlet "enlarged to almost as much again as it was," than does this first draught of the

* The second edition, which appeared in 1848, is, with the exception of one or two verbal alterations, merely a reprint of the first. The poem was remodelled in the third edition (1850), and the passages relating to the weird seizures, were added in the fourth, not, as the writer in the *Fortnightly Review* says, in the "second or third" edition.

Princess from the poem now known to the general public. Thus Ariosto, thus Shakespeare, thus Tennyson, have polished their first crude efforts by a thousand exquisite after-touches.

I shall give a few specimens of the two versions, chosen at random:—

1847.

"—Yet not less, all frets
But chafing me on fire to find my bride,
Set out once more with those two gallant boys;
Then pushing onward under sun and stars
Many a long league back to the North, we came,
When the first fern-owl whirr'd about the copse
Upon a little town within a wood
Close at the boundary of the liberties."

—*pp.* 19—20. *Section* 1.

"We sent mine host to purchase female gear;
Which brought and clapt upon us, we tweezer'd out
What slender blossom lived on lip or cheek
Of manhood, gave mine host a costly bribe," *&c.*

—*p.* 21. *Section* 1.

"You are grown, and yet I knew you at the first.
I am very glad, and I am very vext,
To see you, Florian."

—*p.* 38. *Section* 2.

Fifth Edition, 1853.

"—Yet, not less (all frets
But chafing me on fire to find my bride)
Went forth again with both my friends. We rode
Many a long league back to the North. At last
From hills, that look'd across a land of hope,
We dropt with evening on a rustic town
Set in a gleaming river's crescent curve
Close at the boundary of the liberties."

"We sent mine host to purchase female gear;
He brought it, and himself, a sight a shake
The midriff of despair with laughter, holp
To lace us up, till, each, in maiden plumes
We rustled: him we gave a costly bribe," *&c.*

"I knew you at the first, tho' you have grown
You scarce have alter'd: I am sad and glad
To see you, Florian."

1847.

"How might a man not wander from his wits
Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own
Intent upon the Princess, where she sat
Among her grave Professors, scattering gems
Of Art and Science: only Lady Blanche,
A double-rouged and treble-wrinkled dame,
With all her faded Autumns falsely brown,
Shot sidelong daggers at us," *&c.*

—*p.* 45. *Section* 2.

Fifth Edition, 1853.

"Intent on her, who rapt in glorious dreams,
The second-sight of some Astræan age,
Sat compass'd with professors: they, the while,
Discuss'd a doubt and tost it to and fro:
A clamour thicken'd, mixt with inmost terms
Of art and science: Lady Blanche alone
Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments,
With all her Autumn tresses falsely brown,
Shot sidelong daggers," *&c.*

In the two following passages from the fir edition, the lines printed in italics were afterwar omitted:

(From Section 5.)

"— More soluble is this knot,
Like almost all the rest if men were wise,
By gentleness than war. I want her love.
What were I nigher this altho' we dash'd
Your cities into shards with catapults,
And dusted down your domes with mangonels."

(From Section 6.)

"But Ida with a voice, that like a bell
Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower,
Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn.
'*What! in our time of glory when the cause*
Now stands up, first, a trophied pillar—now
So clipt, so stinted in our triumph—barr'd
Ev'n from our free heart-thanks, and every way
Thwarted and vext, and lastly catechised
By our own creature! one that made our laws!
Our great she-Solon! her that built the nest

To hatch the cuckoo! whom we call'd our friend!
But we will crush the lie that glances at us
As cloaking in the larger charities
Some baby predilection: all amazed!
We must amaze this legislator more.
Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all,
Not only he, but by my mother's soul,
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe,
Shall enter if he will. Let our girls flit,
Till the storm die! but had you stood by us,
The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,
But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.
Go, help the half-brain'd dwarf, Society,
To find low motives unto noble deeds,
To fix all doubt upon the darker side;
Go, fitter thou for narrowest neighbourhoods,
Old talker, haunt where gossip breeds and seethes
And festers in provincial sloth: and, you,
That think we sought to practise on a life
Risk'd for our own and trusted to our hands,
What say you, Sir? you hear us: deem ye not
'Tis all too like that even now we scheme,
In one broad death confounding friend and foe,

To drug them all? revolve it: you are man,
And therefore no doubt wise; but after this
We brook no further insult, but are gone.' *

The *Conclusion* originally opened thus:—

" Here closed our compound story which at first
Had only meant to banter little maids †
With mock-heroics and with parody:
But slipt in some strange way, crost with burlesque,
From mock to earnest, even into tones
Of tragic, and with less and less of jest
To such a serious end that Lilia fixt
A showery glance upon her Aunt and said
'You—tell us what we are;' who there began
A treatise, growing with it, and might have flow'd
In axiom worthier to be grav'n on rock,
Than all that lasts of old-world hieroglyph,
Or lichen-fretted Rune and arrowhead;
But that there rose a shout," *&c.* ‡

* Edn. 1847, pp. 137—139.

† " Perhaps, but meant to banter little maids."—*Second Edition*, 1848.

‡ *First Edition*, p. 161.

The dedication to Henry Lushington was added in the Second Edition, where it stands thus:—"To Henry Lushington, this Volume is inscribed by his friend, A. Tennyson. London, January, 1848." *

* This date is omitted in the subsequent editions. It is interesting as showing that the poet was then in London.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AND OTHER PATRIOTIC POEMS.

On the death of Wordsworth,* Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate. On 6th March, 1851, at the Queen's Levee at Buckingham Palace, we read that "Mr. Alfred Tennyson was presented, on his "appointment to be Poet Laureate."† Also, on the evening of 28th May, "the Queen gave a concert at "Buckingham Palace, to which upwards of three "hundred persons were invited, *Mr. and Mrs.* "*Alfred Tennyson*, Mr. Samuel Rogers, and Dr. "and Mrs. Whewell, were among the company." ‡

* April 23rd, 1850.

† Household Narrative, 1851, p. 65. ‡ *Ib.* p. 139.

In March, 1851, appeared the seventh edition of the *Poems*, with an address *To the Queen*, from which in subsequent editions, the stanza relating to the Crystal Palace was removed:—

"She brought a vast design to pass
When Europe and the scatter'd ends
Of our fierce world did meet as friends
And brethren, in her halls of glass."

Shortly after the French *coup d' état* of December, 1851, there appeared three poems in the *Examiner* Newspaper, with the signature of Merlin, which have been attributed on seemingly good authority to Tennyson. Certain it is that many of the lines have the true Tennysonian ring about them. For obvious reasons however they have never been republished or even acknowledged.

The following are the titles and references, and the reader who has sufficient curiosity may hunt them out and judge for himself of their merits and of their authenticity:

Britons, guard your own. *Examiner:* Jan. 31, 1852.

The Third of February, 1852. *Examiner:* Feb. 7, 1852.

Hands all Round. *Examiner:* Feb. 7, 1852.

In the last two poems the attentive reader will trace certain resemblances to passages in Maud and in the Wellington Ode, which, I think, will convince him that these poems are rightly attributed to the Poet Laureate.

"Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. By Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. London: Edward Moxon, 1852."

This noble poem, written probably in some haste, and originally published on the day of the Duke's funeral, has since been subjected to more than the usual amount of alteration.

The first edition contained five lines omitted in all subsequent editions :—

"But wink no more in slothful over trust,
Perchance our greatness will increase;
Perchance a darkening future yields
Some reverse from worse to worse,
The blood of men in quiet fields,
And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace.
And O remember him who led your hosts," *&c.*

A second edition appeared in 1853, considerably altered, and the poem was still further retouched when it appeared in Maud and other Poems, in 1855-56. Take one example :—

1852.

"Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

1853.

"Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
He died on Walmer's lonely shore,
But here, in streaming London's central roar
Let the sound," *&c.*

1855.

"Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here in streaming London's central roar
Let the sound of those," *&c.*

The Charge of the Light Brigade.—Of this poem there are three distinct versions.

It first appeared in the *Examiner* of Saturday December 9, 1854.*

It was next printed, with considerable alterations in Maud and other Poems, in the summer of 1855.

A month or two later the third and final version † appeared on a quarto sheet of four pages, with the following note at the bottom:—

"Having heard that the brave soldiers before Se-
"bastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen,
"have a liking for my Ballad on the Charge of the
"Light Brigade at Balaclava, I have ordered a thou-

* With the following Note:—

"Written after reading the first report of the *Times* correspon-
"dent, where only 607 sabres are mentioned as having taken
"part in the charge."

† This is the version which appears at the end of the second edition of *Maud* (1856); and in all subsequent editions.

"sand copies of it to be printed for them. No writing "of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in "the Crimea; but if what I have heard be true, "they will not be displeased to receive these copies "of the Ballad from me, and to know that those "who sit at home love and honour them."

"ALFRED TENNYSON."

"8th August, 1855."

On the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal (January 25, 1858) Mr. Tennyson wrote two additional verses to the National Anthem, which appeared in all the newspapers on the following day.

The lines to the Riflemen

"There is a sound of thunder afar," *&c.*

which appeared in the *Times* in May, 1859 (signed T.), have always been attributed to Tennyson, though never acknowledged by him.

The Exhibition Ode (*May the First*, 1862). *Times*, April 24,* and July 14th; printed *both times*

* A ludicrous misprint in the Ode as it appeared in this day's *Times* called forth a letter from Mr. Tennyson to the Editor.

incorrectly and with omissions. A correct copy was given in Fraser's Magazine for June, 1862.

A Welcome, by Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: Moxon: 1863. This appeared on the 10th March, 1863, in four pages 8vo.* It has since been considerably retouched.

Epitaph for the late Duchess of Kent's Mausoleum. This appeared in 1864 in the *Court Journal.*

"Long as the heart beats life within her breast
Thy child shall bless thee, guardian-mother mild,
And far away thy memory shall be blest
By children of the children of thy child."

"Shapes and hues of art divine" was printed "Part divine." The copy printed from had been marked for music, and a large P for "Piano" misled the compositor.

* "As for the Laureate's verses, I would respectfully liken "his Highness to a giant showing a beacon torch on a 'windy "headland.' His flaring torch is a pine-tree, to be sure, which "nobody can wield but himself. He waves it: and four times "in the midnight he shouts mightily 'Alexandra!' and the "Pontic pine is whirled into the ocean, and Enceladus goes "home." W. M. THACKERAY (*On Alexandrines:* Cornhill Magazine, April 1863).

CHAPTER VIII.

MAUD AND OTHER POEMS, 1855.*

We have already said (p. 78) that the section of Maud beginning, *O that 'twere possible*, was published as far back as 1837.†

Shortly after the publication of Maud, a poem much misunderstood, a pamphlet appeared with the following title :—

"Tennyson's Maud Vindicated : an Explanatory Essay. By R. F. Mann, M.D. Jarrold and Sons, St. Paul's Churchyard." The following extract from a letter of Mr. Tennyson's to the Author has been made public :—

* The first Edition contains only 154 pages, 100 of which are occupied by Maud.

† The Tribute (London, 1837) pp. 244—250.

"No one with this Essay before him can in fu-
"ture pretend to misunderstand my dramatic po[redacted]em,
"Maud: your commentary is as true, as it is fu[redacted]l."

The poem of Maud was considerably enlarged in the new edition of 1856. In the edition of 18[redacted]59 it was divided into two, and subsequently, into th[redacted]ee parts. The other contents of the volume are:—

The Brook; An Idyl.*

The Letters.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

The Daisy, written at Edinburgh.

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.†

* I ought not to omit to mention a very graceful translation of this poem into French verse by the Chevalier de Chatelain, in his *Beautés de la Poësie Anglaise.* 1859.

† Maurice had already dedicated to Tennyson the new edition of his *Theological Essays*, as follows:—

"To Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Poet Laureate.

"My dear Sir,

"I have maintained in these Essays that a Theo-
"logy which does not correspond to the deepest thoughts and
"feelings of human beings cannot be a true Theology. Your
"writings have taught me to enter into many of those thoughts
"and feelings. Will you forgive me the presumption of offering
"you a book which at least acknowledges them and does them
"homage?

"As the hopes which I have expressed in this volume are
"more likely to be fulfilled to our children than to ourselves. I

Will.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Two of these pieces, as we have seen, had been already published.

"I might perhaps ask you to accept it as a present to one of "your name, in whom you have given me a very sacred interest. "Many years, I trust, will elapse, before he knows that there "are any controversies in the world into which he has entered. "Would to God that in a few more he may find that they have "ceased! At all events, if he should ever look into these Essays "they may tell him what meaning some of the former gene-"ration attached to words, which will be familiar and dear to "his generation, and to those that follow his,—how there were "some who longed that the bells of our churches might indeed

"'Ring out the darkness of the land
"'Ring in the Christ that is to be.'

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours very truly and gratefully,

"F. D. MAURICE."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARTHURIAN POEMS.

THE subject of the Arthurian legends seems to have taken an early hold of our Poet's imagination. In his second volume (1832), we have the first version of The Lady of Shalott, a story afterwards treated with maturer power in the idyll of Elaine. We also find in The Palace of Art the following stanza:—

"—That deep wounded child of Pendragon
Mid misty woods on sloping greens
Dozed in the valley of Avilion
Tended by crowned queens."*

* Poems (1833). p. 74. This stanza has been remodelled since.

In the new volume of 1842 there were some further fragmentary attempts to poetise this story: The *Morte d'Arthur* purporting to be the eleventh book of a juvenile epic, of which the other books had been destroyed; *Sir Galahad*, and *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere*. Rumours reached the public from time to time that Tennyson was occupied with a great work, of which the story of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table was the theme; and at last in July 1859 appeared the *Idylls of the King*.*

The Dedication to the Memory of the Prince Consort † was added in the edition of 1862, which, with the exception of one verbal alteration,‡ is an exact reprint of the former edition.

For the story of Enid (the first Idyll), the poet is indebted to Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*,§

* The writer in the Fortnightly Review (No. x.) states that the first two of these Idylls had been privately printed in 1857, under the title of *Enid and Nimue; or the True and the False.*

† Slightly altered, 1865.

‡ P. 240, edition 1859.

"Wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea."

Edition 1862.

"Dark Dundagil," *&c.*

1865: "Dark Tintagil."

§ The Mabinogion from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest, and other

the narrative in which he has followed pretty closely, down even to minute details. It is the same—and yet how different! It is interesting to trace the homely prose of the old narrative in Tennyson's magnificent setting; and perhaps no more signal instance could be given of how a poet turns all he touches to pure gold. It was in this way that Shakespeare dealt with the old chroniclers and romancists; seldom himself inventing the story—only telling it in his own way.

Though Tennyson has followed the incidents of the story with almost scrupulous fidelity,† he has produced them in a more artistic order. Thus in the Mabinogion the story begins with the hunt and its consequences, which in Tennyson is retrospective. I shall select this opening passage as a fair specimen of the rest, giving the corresponding passage from the Idyll side by side.

ancient Welsh Manuscripts: with an English tran lation and Notes. By Lady Charlotte Guest. (Part III. Geraint the Son of Erbin.) London; Longman and Co., and W. Rees, Llandovery, 1840.

† See on this subject an admirable piece of criticism, entitled Moral Aspects of Mr. Tennyson's Idylls of the King, by Mr. J. M. Ludlow, in the first number of Macmillan's Magazine, (Nov. 1859).

GERAINT THE SON OF ERBIN.

(*From THE MABINOGION*).

GERAINT THE SON OF ERBIN.

"Arthur was accustomed to hold his Court at Caerlleon upon "Usk. . . . And once upon a time he held his Court there "at Whitsuntide. . . . And on Whit Tuesday, as the King "sat at the banquet, Lo! there entered a tall, fair-headed youth, "clad in a coat and a surcoat of diapered satin, &c. . . . "And he came and stood before Arthur. . . . 'I am one "of thy foresters, Lord, in the Forest of Dean.' . . . "'Tell me thine errand,' said Arthur. . . . 'I will do so, "Lord,' said he. 'In the Forest I saw a stag, the like of which "beheld I never yet. . . . He is of pure white, Lord, and "he does not herd with any other animal through stateliness "and pride, so royal is his bearing. And I come to seek thy "counsel, Lord, and to know thy will concerning him.' 'It "seems best to me,' said Arthur, 'to go and hunt him to-morrow "at break of day; and to cause general notice thereof to be "given to-night in all quarters of the Court.' . . . Then "Gwenhwyvar said to Arthur, 'Wilt thou permit me, Lord,' "said she, 'to go to-morrow to see and hear the hunt of the "stag of which the young man spoke?' 'I will gladly,' said "Arthur. 'Then will I go,' said she. . . .

"And when the next day came, they arose. . . . And "Arthur wondered that Gwenhwyvar did not awake, and did "not move in her bed. . . . Then Arthur went forth "... and the whole assembly of the multitudes came to "Arthur, and they took the road to the Forest.

"And after Arthur had gone forth . . . Gwenhwyvar "awoke and called to her maidens, and apparelled herself. "... And one of them went, and she found but two

(*From* ENID.)

"For Arthur on the Whitsuntide before
Held court at old Caerlleon upon Usk.
There on a day, he sitting high in hall,
Before him came a forester of Dean,
Wet from the woods, with notice of a hart
Taller than all his fellows, milky-white,
First seen that day: these things he told the King.
Then the good King gave order to let blow
His horns for hunting on the morrow morn.
And when the Queen petition'd for his leave
To see the hunt, allow'd it easily.
So with the morning all the court were gone.
But Guinevere lay late into the morn,
Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of her love
For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt;
But rose at last, a single maiden with her,
Took horse, and forded Usk, and gain'd the wood;
There, on a little knoll beside it, stay'd
Waiting to hear the hounds; but heard instead
A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince Geraint,

"horses in the stable, and Gwenhwyvar and one of her maidens "mounted them, and went through the Usk, and followed the "track of the men and the horses. And as they rode thus, they "heard a loud and rushing sound; and they looked behind them, "and beheld a Knight upon a hunter foal of mighty size; and the "rider was a fair-haired youth, bare-legged, and of princely "mien, and a golden-hilted sword was at his side, and a robe and "a surcoat of satin were upon him; and around him was a scarf "of blue purple, at each corner of which was a golden apple."*

* The Mabinogion, Part III. pp. 67—72.

Late also, wearing neither hunting-dress
Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,
Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford
Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.
A purple scarf, at either end whereof
There swung an apple of the purest gold,
Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd up
To join them, glancing like a dragon-fly
In summer suit and silks of holiday."

Idylls of the King, pp. 8—10.

CHAPTER X.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS: 1859—1864.

ENOCH ARDEN, &c., first appeared in August, 1864. Several of the poems in this volume had been published separately at different periods during the previous five years.

The Grandmother. This poem, under the title of "The Grandmother's Apology," with a beautiful illustration by Millais, appeared in July, 1859, in *Once a Week.*

Sea-Dreams: An Idyl appeared in Macmillan's Magazine for January, 1860. *Tithonus* in the *Cornhill* of the following month. The first line of this poem has been altered.

The Sailor Boy appeared in a volume of Miscellanies by various Authors, entitled "The Victoria Regia," published by Emily Faithfull, Christmas, 1861.

The *Attempts at Classic Metres in Quantity* appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1863. The first piece in hexameters and pentameters and the Preface to the Specimen of a Translation of Homer in blank verse are omitted in the Enoch Arden volume. The poem in hendecasyllabics and the Translation are also somewhat altered.*

* It is noteworthy that some lines of the passage translated (from the end of the 8th Iliad), are imitated also in an early poem.

ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἔπλετο νήνεμος αἰθὴρ,
ἔκ τ' ἔφανον πᾶσαι σκοπιαί, καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι,
καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερῤῥάγη ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ,
πάντα δέ τ' εἴδεται ἄστρα.

Iliad VIII. 551—555.

"The gathering elves, at noon of night,
No more shall sport beneath thy boughs,
When moonbeams shed a solemn light
And every star intensely glows.

The Oak of the North.
(Poems by Two Brothers, 1827.)

A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson published early in 1865, contains the following new poems:

The Captain,

On a Mourner,

Three Sonnets to a Coquette,

besides several new Readings of previously published pieces.

CHAPTER XI.

ALLUSIONS TO HOLY SCRIPTURE AND IMITATIONS OF CLASSICAL WRITERS.

The Bishop of St. Andrews, in a little book on Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible, has collected together all the passages from the great poet in which allusions are made to Holy Scripture. A not less interesting collection might be made from the works of Tennyson; and in these days, when men are quarelling in no very Christian mood about the letters of a book of which they too often forget the spirit, it might be instructive to remark the kind of interpretation our greatest Poet gives us of it. There might be more teaching for us, more illumina-

IMITATIONS OF CLASSICAL WRITERS

"I called him Crichton, for he seem'd
All perfect, *finished to the finger-nail.*"
—*Edwin Morris, or The Lake.*

Homo factus ad unguem.
—*Hor.*

"—My feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms.
—*In Memoriam*, CI.

The *dulcia linquimus arva* of Virgil's first Eclo

"—In my head, for half the day,
The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

"Like ballad-burthen music kept,
As on the Lariano crept—"

The Daisy.

Anne lacus tantos? te Lari maxime, teque,
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino?"

Virgil, Georg. Lib. II. 159—160.

"—But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass;

"Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat—"

In Memoriam, CVI. 4—5

"Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina.

Hor. Lib. 1. *Carm.* 9.

"—Shall not Love to me,
As in the Latin song we learnt at school,
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left?"

Edwin Morris, or the Lake.

"Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbationem."

Catull. Carm. XLV.

"'—O brook,' he says,
'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not
replies:
'I come from haunts of coot and hern,'" *&c.*

—*The Brook: an Idyl.*

The idea of this song of the Brook is probabl taken from Goethe's *Das Bächlein:*

"Du Bächlein, silberhell und klar,
Du eilst vorüber immerdar,

* * * *

Wo kommst du her? Wo gehst du hin?
Ich komm' aus dunkler Felsen Schoss,
Mein Lauf geht über Blum' und Moss.'"

The Dying Swan. Compare this poem with tl following passages from Shakespeare and fro Plato.

"—'Tis strange that death should sing.
"I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
"Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
"And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
"His soul and body to their lasting rest."

—*Shakespeare, King John, Act* v. *sc.* 7.

"καί, ὡς ἔοικε, τῶν κύκνων δοκῶ φαυλότερος ὑμῖν εἶναι τὴν μαντικήν, οἵ, ἐπειδὰν αἴσθωνται, ὅτι δεῖ αὐτοὺς ἀποθανεῖν, ᾄδοντες καὶ ἐν τῷ πρόσθεν χρόνῳ, τότε δὴ πλεῖστα καὶ μάλιστα ᾄδουσι, γεγηθότες, ὅτι μέλλουσι παρὰ τὸν θεὸν ἀπιέναι, οὗπερ εἰσὶ θεράποντες. οἱ δὲ ἄνθρωποι διὰ τὸ αὐτῶν δέος τοῦ θανάτου καὶ τῶν κύκνων καταψεύδονται, καί φασιν αὐτοὺς θρηνοῦντας τὸν θάνατον ὑπὸ λύπης ἐξᾴδειν, καὶ οὐ λογίζονται, ὅτι οὐδὲν ὄρνεον ᾄδει, ὅταν τεινῇ ἢ ῥιγοῖ ἤ τινα ἄλλην λύπην λυπῆται, οὐδὲ αὐτὴ ἥ τε ἀηδὼν καὶ χελιδὼν καὶ ὁ ἔποψ, ἃ δή φασι διὰ λύπην θρηνοῦντα ᾄδειν· ἀλλ' οὔτε ταῦτά μοι φαίνεται λυπούμενα ᾄδειν οὔτε οἱ κύκνοι. ἀλλ' ἅτε, οἶμαι, τοῦ Ἀπόλλωνος ὄντες μαντικοί τέ εἰσι καὶ προειδότες τὰ ἐν Ἅιδου ἀγαθὰ ᾄδουσι καὶ τέρπονται ἐκείνην τὴν ἡμέραν διαφερόντως ἢ ἐν τῷ ἔμπροσθεν χρόνῳ."—PLATO, *Phædo*, XXXV.

CHAPTER XII.

ON TENNYSON'S VERSIFICATION.

In his earliest volume our poet had already attempted a great variety of lyrical measures; and Arthur Hallam had spoken of this variety with praise, as exhibited in the Poems of 1830. Coleridge, indeed, in 1833, accused Tennyson of writing verses which he could not scan, and recommended him, as a corrective, to write for the next few years in none but the most common and strictly-defined metres.

Tennyson's early command of blank-verse, as evinced in *Timbuctoo*, is indeed wonderful: blank verse being perhaps the most difficult and unmanageable of all measures. The poet having no longer

the factitious aid of rhyme, must depend for effect upon the variety of his cadences and pauses. His verse must read like good prose, and yet be without baldness.

This kind of verse Tennyson has since cultivated with great success in many of his smaller idylls, in The Princess, in the grand Arthurian epic, for such it deserves to be termed, and later in Enoch Arden. There is no weak Miltonic or Wordsworthian echo in his blank verse: it is all his own, or, indeed, if he ever reminds us of anybody, it is of Shakespeare. Some of his lines have the true ring of the master.

Although, however, rhyme is, as Milton insisted, no necessary adjunct of good poetry, it may be a very pleasing ornament. Wordsworth notices somewhere in his preface to the Lyrical Ballads, the exquisite pleasure derived from rhyme when a poem has all the logical and orderly sequence of prose. Perhaps no poet has ever been more happy in his rhymes than Tennyson. He has no startling or unlooked-for rhymes, like those of the author of Hudibras, or Robert Browning; nor does he ever fall into the monotonous jingle of the pseudo-Pope school.

Take the Song of the Brook as a fine but not solitary instance.

Like Homer and like the Old Testament writers, he has a great love of repetition. All readers of Tennyson will immediately call to mind several beautiful examples of this art in the Morte d'Arthur, in The Brook, and in Aylmer's Field. But particular instances are needless. I am speaking of general characteristics.

The Sonnet he has rarely attempted except in his earlier volumes, and it does not seem to be a form suited to his genius. His two most successful efforts, the Sonnets on Poland, are, after all, mere echoes of Milton and Wordsworth.

Alliteration, which may degenerate into a vulgar trick, he has used sparingly; but I remember one instance in In Memoriam, where it most aptly enforces the idea :—

> "A *d*istant *d*earness in the hill,
> A *s*ecret *s*weetness in the *s*tream."

He has introduced several new measures into our language; witness The Daisy, and particular sections

of Maud. And by the melody of them he has successfully shown that it is a mistake to call our Teutonic tongue harsh and rugged; that, while it is far stronger, it may at the same time be made as sweet as the languages of the south.

The elegiac metre of *In Memoriam* has been erroneously supposed to be new.* But though Tenny-

* It has been used by Ben Jonson in Stanzas which may, on that account, be interesting here.

An Elegy.

"Though beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours, of whom I sing, be such
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is't your virtue now I raise.

"A virtue, like alloy, so gone
Throughout your form, as tho' that move
And draw and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one,

"Wherein you triumph yet: because
'Tis of yourself, and that you use
The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against or faith, or honour's laws.

"But who could less expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives again?
By whom he is restored to men;
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

son did not introduce it, he has perfected it, made it so peculiarly his own, that it now seems al a sacrilege for any lesser bard to adopt the meas

In the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Well ton he has soared to lyric heights to which, perh

"His falling temples you have rear'd,
The wither'd garlands ta'en away;
His altars kept from the decay
That envy wish'd, and nature fear'd;

"And on them burns so chaste a flame,
With so much loyalty's expense,
As love t'acquit such excellence,
Is gone himself into your name.

"And you are he: the deity
To whom all lovers are design'd,
That would their better objects find;
Among which faithful troop am I;

"Who, as an offering at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine;

"Which if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave to adore in you
What I, in her, am grieved to want."

—*Underwoo*

even Pindar never attained. The tolling of the Bell, the solemn and slow funeral march, the quick rush of battle, and the choral chant of the cathedral all succeed each other, and the verse sinks and swells, rises and falls, to each movement with equal power.

The Experiments of Classic Metres in Quantity are admirable as showing Tennyson's mastery over even these difficult measures, and his wisdom in rejecting them as unfitted for our language. Let the reader turn to the lines "all composed in a metre of Catullus" and to the ludicrous burlesque of English hexameters and pentameters.

It remains to notice our poet's success in making sound expressive of sense, an art of which there are a few inimitable specimens in Virgil and Pope. How beautifully the metre, as well as the words, expresses hesitation in those lines towards the end of The Princess:—

"—She said
Brokenly, that she knew it. She had fail'd
In sweet humility: had fail'd in all."

Or wild despair in *In Memoriam*:

"The moanings of the homeless sea.

And this forms the peculiar felicity of that poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TENNYSON PORTRAITS.

1. Portrait by Samuel Lawrence.

The earliest published portrait of Tennyson. An engraving from it by F. C. Armytage appeared in the second volume of "A New Spirit of the Age, edited by R. H. Horne. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65 Cornhill. 1844." Under the portrait is a facsimile of the autograph.

A view of the house at Somersby in which Tennyson was born appeared in the second volume of William Howitt's Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets. London: 1847.

2. Bust by Thomas Woolner.

3. Medallion by Thomas Woolner. An Engraving from this appeared in the Illustrated edition of Tennyson's Poems, published by Moxon in 1857.

4. Photograph published by Cundall and Downes.

5. Portrait by G. F. Watts.

This was exhibited in the International Exhibition of 1862. Engravings from it were published by Colnaghi and Co., of Pall Mall.

The most wonderful, perhaps, of all the portraits, and reminding us of Tennyson's own lines, in the Idylls of the King:—

"As when a painter poring on a face,
Divinely, thro' all hindrance, finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."

6. Photographs by Jeffrey, 1863—1865.

7. Photograph by Mayall, published June, 1864.

8. Various photographs by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.

9. Three beautiful photographs by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, Portman Square.

10. Photogragh by Rejlander.

11. A series of most wonderful photographs by Mrs. Cameron, of Freshwater, a personal friend of the poet.*

12. A new medallion by Thomas Woolner (published by Moxon) 1865, of which an engraving is given in the Illustrated Edition of Enoch Arden.

And now let me conclude this chapter by a passage from a recent work of Mr. Bayard Taylor, an American author, which is also a portrait in its way:—

"I had so long known the greatest of living English poets—Alfred Tennyson—not only through "his works, but from the talk of mutual friends, "that I gladly embraced an opportunity to know "him personally, which happened to me in June, "1857. He was then living at his home—the "estate of Farringford, near Freshwater, in the Isle "of Wight. I should have hesitated to intrude "upon his retirement, had I not been kindly

* Mrs. Cameron has informed me that Tennyson had sat to her no fewer than seventeen times. One of her portraits is a group of the poet and his two sons, Lionel and Hallam.

"assured beforehand that my visit would not be "unwelcome. The drive across the heart of the "island, from Newport to Freshwater, was alone "worth the journey from London. The softly un-"dulating hills, the deep green valleys, the blue "waters of the Solent, and the purple glimpses of "the New Forest beyond, formed a fit vestibule of "landscape through which to approach a poet's "home.

"As we drew near Freshwater, my coachman "pointed out Farringford—a cheerful gray country "mansion, with a small, thick-grassed park before "it, a grove behind, and beyond all, the steep "shoulder of the chalk downs, a gap in which, at "Freshwater, showed the dark-blue horizon of the "Channel. Leaving my luggage at one of the two "little Inns, I walked to the house, with lines "from *Maud* chiming in my mind. 'The dry-"tongued laurel' shone glossily in the sun, the "cedar 'sighed for Lebanon' on the lawn, and "'the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea' "glimmered afar.

"I had not been two minutes in the drawing-"room before Tennyson walked in. So unlike are

"the published portraits of him* that I was almost "in doubt as to his identity. The engraved head "suggests a moderate stature, but he is tall and "broad-shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, "beard, and eyes of southern darkness. Something "in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests "Dante, but such a deep, mellow chest voice never "could have come from Italian lungs.

"He proposed a walk, as the day was wonderfully "clear and beautiful. We climbed the steep comb "of the chalk cliff, and slowly wandered westward "until we reached the Needles, at the extremity of "the island, and some three or four miles distant "from his residence. During the conversation with "which we beguiled the way, I was struck with "the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower "on the downs, which the sheep had spared, "escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, "both terrestrial and submarine, was perfectly "familiar to him. I thought of a remark which "I had once heard from the lips of a distinguished "English author, that Tennyson was the wisest

* It must be remembered that this refers to the year 1857. —*Ed.*

"man he ever knew, and could well believe that he
"was sincere in making it.

"I shall respect the sanctity of the delightful
"family circle, to which I was admitted, and from
"which I parted the next afternoon, with true re-
"gret. Suffice it to say that the poet is not only
"fortunate and happy in his family relations, but
"that, with his large and liberal nature, his sym-
"pathies for what is true and noble in humanity,
"and his depth and tenderness of feeling, he de-
"serves to be so."*

Again, in another part of the same book:—

"I spent two fortunate days at Freshwater, in
"the Isle of Wight, the residence of Tennyson. In
"the scenery round about the poet's residence, I
"recognised many lines of 'Maud.' He lives in
"a charming spot, looking out on one side over the
"edges of the chalk cliffs, to

'The liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of
the land,'

* At Home and Abroad: a Sketch-book of Life, Scenery, and Men, by Bayard Taylor (London, 1860), pp. 445, 446.

"and on the other, across the blue channel of the "Solent, to the far-off wavy line of the New Forest "on the northern horizon. Never shall I forget "those golden hours spent with the noble poet and "noble man, on the rolling windy downs above "the sea, and under the shade of his own ilex and "elm!"*

* *At Home and Abroad*, p. 372.

APPENDIX.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF TENNYSON'S WORKS.

I.

Poems by Two Brothers. "Hæc nos novimus esse nihil." London: Simpkin and Marshall and J. and J. Jackson, Louth, pp. xii. 228. 1827. In 8vo. 7s., in 12mo. 5s.

This volume is alluded to by George Brimley in his Essay on Tennyson (Cambridge Essays, 1855, p. 227, *note*).

II.

Timbuctoo: a Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, MDCCCXXIX. By A. Tennyson, of Trinity College. [*Prolusiones Academicæ premiis annuis dignatæ et in curiâ Cantabrigiensi recitatæ comitiis maximis*, A.D. MDCCCXXIX. *Cantabrigiæ: typis academicis excudit Joannes Smith*, pp. 41], pp. 13.

This poem has been several times reprinted in the

collection of Cambridge Prize Poems. In these reprints "ravished sense," towards the end of the poem, is wrongly printed "lavished sense."

III.

Poems, chiefly Lyrical. By Alfred Tennyson, pp. 154. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange. 1830.

IV.

The Gem: a Literary Annual for 1831.
Contains three poems by Tennyson: *No More* p. 87); Anacreontics (p. 131); A Fragment (p. 342).

V.

The Englishman's Magazine for August, 1831. London: E. Moxon.
Contains a Sonnet by Alfred Tennyson, afterwards reprinted in Friendship's Offering for 1833 (p. 29). Two lines of this Sonnet were subsequently woven into the Choric Song of the Lotos-Eaters.

VI.

Friendship's Offering. 1832.
Contains (p. 367) a Sonnet by Alfred Tennyson.

VII.

Poems by Alfred Tennyson. London: Edwa[redacted]r Moxon. 1833.

Published in the winter of 1832.

VIII.

The Tribute: a Collection of Miscellaneous Un[redacted]published Poems, by Various Authors. Edited b[redacted] Lord Northampton. 8vo. London: Murray. 1837.

Contains (pp. 244—250) *Stanzas by Alfred Tennyson, Esq.*, the substance of which was eighteen years later incorporated into Maud.

IX.

Poems by Alfred Tennyson. In Two Volumes, pp. 233, 231. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1842.

The first Volume consisted of a selection from No. III. and No. VII., some of the poems in the latter division being considerably altered; and of six or seven new pieces written in 1833.

The second Volume consisted, with the exception of The Sleeping Beauty, of poems then published for the first time.

SECOND EDITION, with alterations in several of the

poems, 2 vols. fcap. 8vo., pp. 234 and viii., 232 and viii., 1843 (June).

Third edition, with further alterations, 2 vols. fcap. 8vo., pp. 474, 1845 (May).

Fourth edition, 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 468, 1847 (Nov).

These two volumes were incorporated into one in the fifth edition, 12mo., pp. 382, 1848 (Aug).

Sixth edition, 12mo., pp. 376 and viii., 1850 (Feb).

Seventh edition, (the Stanzas to the Queen prefixed), 12mo., pp. 388, 1851 (May).

Eighth edition, 12mo., pp. 380 and xii., 1853 (Feb).

Ninth edition, 12mo., pp. 378, 1853 (Dec).

Tenth edition, 12mo., pp. 380 and xii., 1855.

Thirteenth edition, 12mo., pp. 370, 1858 (Dec).

Fifteenth edition, 12mo., pp. 382, 1863 (March).

Sixteenth edition, 12mo., pp. 382 and xii., 1864 (July).

To these successive editions several new poems were added. The short piece called The Skipping Rope was omitted in the seventh and subsequent editions.

[Carlyle quotes the poem Ulysses in *Past and Present* (1843), p. 49. So that the first edition of these poems seems to have fallen into his hands and to have been read by him].

An edition with illustrations by Mulready, Stansfield, Creswick, Maclise, Millais, Horsley, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti, 8vo, pp. 376, 1857 (May).

The Lady of Shalott, by Alfred Tennyson, Esq., reprinted by permission and illustrated by a Lady, folio, Kent, 1852 (July).

Dora, a Poem, by Alfred Tennyson, illustrated by Mrs. Mildmay, folio, Vernon, 1856 (April).

The Miller's Daughter, by Alfred Tennyson, illustrated by A. L. Bond, 4to., Kent, 1857, (November).

The May Queen, illustrated by E. V. B., post 8vo, Low, 1860 (Nov).

The May Queen, illuminated by Mrs. W. H. Hartley, chromolithographed by W. R. Tymms, crown 4to, 1861 (March).

X.

Punch, No. 242: 28th February, 1846, contains *The New Timon and the Poets.*

XI.

The Princess: a Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. Moxon. 1847 (December).

First Edition, pp. 164.

The Second edition, 1848, pp. 164 and vi., with a dedication to Henry Lushington, is little different from the first.

In the Third edition, 12mo., pp. 180, 1850 (February), the poem was remodelled and the songs introduced.

Fourth edition, 12mo., pp. 182 and vi., 1851 (April).

Fifth edition, 12mo., pp. 190, 1853 (Feb).

Thirteenth edition, 12mo., pp. 183 and vi., 1865.

Fourteenth edition, 12mo., pp. 183 and vi., 1866.

An edition with 26 illustrations by Maclise, 8vo., pp. 190, 1859 (Dec).

Illustrations to The Princess, by Mrs. S. C. Lee, folio. Dickenson, 1850 (Dec).

The later editions of the Princess are disfigured

by two most lamentable errors of the press which it is to be hoped, will be removed whenever the poem is reprinted. "Arts of government" (p. 37) has been turned into "*hearts* of government," and

"Seed we two long since had sown,"

into (p. 90)

"Seed we *too* long since had sown."

Vide Thirteenth edition, 1865, and Fourteenth edition, 1866.

XII.

In Memoriam, 12mo., pp. 210. Moxon, 1850 (May).

First Edition, with only 129 Sections. The Second and Third editions, unaltered from the First, appeared in the same year.

Fourth edition, 12mo., 1851. In this edition was added the Section now standing as lviii.

Sixth edition, 12mo., 1855.

Seventh edition, 12mo., pp. 211 and viii., 1856.

Eighth edition, 12mo., pp. 210, 1859 (March).

Ninth edition, 12mo., pp. 212, 1860 (May).

Tenth edition, 12mo., 1861 (February).

Thirteenth edition, 12mo., pp. 211 and viii., 863.

Fifteenth edition, 12mo., 1864 (August).

Sixteenth edition, 12mo., pp. 211 and viii., 1865.

Index to In Memoriam. Moxon. 1862 (January).

XII*.

Stanzas commencing

What time I wasted youthful hours,

One of the shining winged powers

Show'd me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers,

inted in The Keepsake, Edited by Miss Power. ond. David Bogue, 1851, p. 22. "Come not, hen I am dead," *ib.*, p. 122. The latter piece as first included in the Seventh Edition of the *oems*, with one verbal alteration in the last line of e first stanza. The former has never been re-

printed. It consists of nine lines in the metre of The Two Voices.

XIII.

Sonnet to W. C. Macready [printed in the Household Narrative of Current Events, 1851 (February—March), p. 71; also in The People's and Howitt's Journal, N. S. Part XXI, April, 1851].

XIV.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, 8vo., pp. 16. Moxon, 1852 (Nov).

Second edition, considerably altered, 8vo., 1853.

XV.

The Charge of the Light Brigade. [Examiner: Saturday, December 9, 1854.]

XVI.

Maud, and other Poems. 12mo. Moxon. 1855 (July).

First edition, pp. 154 and viii.

New edition, 1856, considerably enlarged.

In the edition of 1859 (Sept.), 12mo., pp. 166, the poem of Maud was divided into two, and subsequently into three parts.

New edition, 12mo., 1864 (April).

New edition, 12mo., 1865, pp. 170 and viii.

XVII.

Idylls of the King. 12mo., pp. 261 and viii. Moxon. 1859, (July).

New edition, 1862, with a Dedication to the Memory of the late Prince Consort, pp. 261 and x.

Sixteen Illustrations to the Idylls of the King, drawn and etched on copper by Amy Butts, folio. Day. 1862 (Dec).

XVIII.

The Grandmother's Apology.

[Once a Week. No. 3, July] 1859.

XIX.

Sea Dreams: an Idyl.

[Macmillan's Magazine, January, 1860.]

XX.

Tithonus.

[Cornhill Magazine, February, 1860.]

XXI.

The Sailor-Boy.

[In the Victoria Regia, published by Emily Faithfull, 1861.]

XXII.

Ode: May the First, 1862.

[Commonly called the Exhibition Ode. Printed incorrectly in the Newspapers. A correct copy may be found in Fraser's Magazine, June, 1862.]

XXIII.

A Welcome: pp. 4. London: Edward Moxon and Co. 1863 (March).

The same illuminated by Owen Jones. Published by Day and Son.

XXIV.

Attempts at Classic Metres in Quantity. [Cornhill Magazine, December, 1863.]

XXV.

Epitaph on the late Duchess of Kent. 1864.

XXVI.

Enoch Arden, &c., 12mo, pp. 178 and iv. Moxon. 1864 (Aug).

Enoch Arden, illustrated by Arthur Hughes. Moxon. 1865 (Christmas).

XXVII.

A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate (January, 1865). Sq. 12mo. (Contains several new pieces.)

A very elegant edition of Tennyson has been published at Leipzig by Tauchnitz, in 5 vols., for Continental circulation.

There are several American reprints. The best are published by Ticknor and Fields.

Poems Attributed to Alfred Tennyson.

A Lover's Story. Privately printed, *circa* 183[illegible].

"Britons, guard your own." *Examiner:* January 31, 1852.

"The Third of February, 1852." *Examiner:* February 7, 1852.

"Hands all Round." *Examiner:* February 7, 1852.

"Riflemen, form!" in the *Times*, May, 1859. Signed T.

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